

Christian Intelligencer.

"WERE ONCE THESE MAXIMS FIX'D—THAT GOD'S OUR FRIEND, VIRTUE OUR GOOD, AND HAPPINESS OUR END, HOW SOON MUST REASON O'ER THE WORLD PREVAIL, AND ERROR, FRAUD AND SUPERSTITION FAIL."

Vol. XV.

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[We are not so certain that the following was designed as an offset to Rev. G. B. Cheever's imaginings, as we are that it has

an awful squinting at autodox night-meetings, and other pious mal-practices.

Battling one or two things, it is a tale as well told as any we have seen these many days. We copy it from the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, in which paper we find it credited to that highly talented and popular periodical—the New England Magazine—published by Mr. Buckingham in Boston.]

YOUNG GOODMAN BROWN.
By the Author of "the Gray Champion."

Young Goodman Brown came forth, at sunset, into the street of Salem village, but put his head back, after crossing the threshold, to exchange a parting kiss with his young wife. And Faith, as the wife was aptly named, thrust her own pretty head into the street, letting the wind play with the pink ribbons of her cap, while she called to Goodman Brown.

"Dearest heart," whispered she, softly and rather sadly, when her lips were close to his ear, "pry thee, put off thy journey until sunrise, and sleep in your own bed to-night. A lone woman is troubled with such dreams, and such thoughts, that she's afraid of herself, sometimes. Pray, tarry with me this night, dear husband, of all nights in the year!"

"My love, and my Faith," replied young Goodman Brown, "of all nights in the year, this one night must I tarry away from thee. My journey, as thou callest it, forth and back again, must needs be done 'twixt now and sunrise. What, my dear, pretty wife, dost thou doubt me already, and we but three months married?"

"Then, God bless you!" said Faith, with the pink ribbons, "and may you find all well, when you come back."

"Amen!" cried Goodman Brown. "Say thy prayers, dear Faith, and go to bed at dusk, and no harm will come to thee."

So they parted; and the young man pursued his way, until, being about to turn the corner by the meeting-house, he looked back and saw the head of Faith still peeping after him, with a melancholy air, in spite of her pink ribbons.

"Poor little Faith!" thought he, for his heart smote him. "What a wretch am I to leave her on such an errand! She talks of dreams, too. Methought, as she spoke, there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work is to be done to-night. But, no, no!—I would kill her to think it. Well: she's a blessed angel on earth; and after this one night, I'll cling to her skirts and follow her to Heaven."

With this excellent resolve for the future, Goodman Brown felt himself justified in making more haste on his present evil purpose. He had taken a dreary road, darkened by all the gloomiest trees of the forest, which barely stood aside to let the narrow path creep through, and closed immediately behind. It was as lonely as could be; and there is this peculiarity in such a solitude, that the traveller knows not who may be concealed by the innumerable trunks and the thick boughs overhead; so that, with lonely footsteps, he may yet be passing through an unseen multitude.

"There may be a devilish Indian behind every tree," said Goodman Brown to himself; and he glanced fearfully behind him, as he added, "What if the devil himself should be at my very elbow?"

His head being turned back, he passed again, beheld the figure of a man, in grave and decent attire, seated at the foot of an old tree. He arose, at Goodman Brown's approach, and walked onward, side by side with him.

"You are late, Goodman Brown," said he. "The clock of the Old South was striking as I came through Boston; and that is full fifteen minutes ago."

"Faith kept me back awhile," replied the young man, with a tremor in his voice, caused by the sudden appearance of his companion, though not wholly unexpected.

It was now deep dusk in the forest, and deepest in that part of it where these

two were journeying. As nearly as could be discerned, the second traveller was about fifty years old, apparently in the same rank of life as Goodman Brown, and bearing a considerable resemblance to him, though perhaps more in expression than features. Still they might have been taken for father and son. And yet though the elder person was as simply clad as the younger, and as simple in manner too, he had an indescribable air of one who knew the world, and would not have felt abashed at the governor's dinner-table, or in King William's court, were it possible that his affairs should call him thither. But the only thing about him, that could be fixed upon as remarkable, was his staff, which bore the likeness of a great black snake, so curiously wrought, that it might almost be seen to twist and wriggle itself, like a living serpent. This, of course, must have been an ocular deception, assisted by the uncertain light.

"Come, Goodman Brown!" cried his fellow traveller, "this is a dull pace for the beginning of a journey. Take my staff, if you are so soon weary."

"Friend," said the other, exchanging his slow pace for a full stop, "having kept my covenant by meeting thee here, it is my purpose now to return from whence I came. I have scruples, touching the matter thou wot'st of."

"Sayest thou so?" replied he of the serpent, smiling apart. "Let us walk on, nevertheless, reasoning as we go, and if I convince thee not, thou shalt turn back. We are but a little way in the forest, yet."

"Too far, too far!" exclaimed the good man unconsciously resuming his walk. "My father never went into the woods on such an errand, nor his father before him. We have been a race of honest men and good Christians, since the days of the martyrs. And shall I be the first of the name of Brown, that ever took this path and kept—"

"Such company, thou wouldest say," observed the elder person, interpreting his pause. "Good Goodman Brown! I have been as well acquainted with your family as with ever a one among the Puritans; and that's no tribe to say I helped your grandfather, the constable, when he lashed the Quaker woman so smartly through the streets of Salem."

"And it was I that brought your father a pitch-pine knot, kindled at my own hearth to set fire to an Indian village, in King Phillip's war. They were my good friends, both; and many a pleasant walk have we had along this path, and returned merrily after midnight. I would fain be friends with you, for their sake."

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"Be it so," said his fellow traveller. "Betake you to the woods, and let me keep the path."

Accordingly the young man turned aside, but took care to watch his companion, who advanced softly along the road, until he had come within a staff's length of the old dame. She, meanwhile, was making the best of her way, with singular speed for so aged a woman, and mumbling some indistinct words, a prayer, doubtless, as she went. The traveller put forth his staff, and touched her withered neck with what seemed the serpent's tail.

"The devil!" screamed the pious old lady.

"Then goody Cloyse know her old friend!" observed the traveller, confronting her, and leaning on his wreath-stick!

"Ah, forsooth, and is it your worship indeed?" cried the good dame. "Ye a, truly it is, and in the very image of my old gossip, Goodman Brown, the grandfather of the silly fellow that now is.—But, would your worship believe it? my broomstick hath strangely disappeared, stolen, as I suspect, by that unhinged witch, Goody Cory, and that, too, when I was all anointed with the juice of smallage, and cinquefoil, and wolfsbane—"

"Mingled with fine wheat and the leaf of a new born babe," said the shape of old Goodman Brown.

"Ah, your worship knows the receipt, cried the old lady, cackling aloud. "So, as I was saying, being all ready for the meeting, and no horse to ride on, I made up my mind to foot it, for they tell me there is a nice young man to be taken into communion. But now your good worship will lend me your arm, and we shall be there in a twinkling."

"That can hardly be," answered her friend. "I may not spare you my arm, goody Cloyse, but here is my staff, if you will."

So saying, he threw it down at her feet, where, perhaps, it assumed life, being one of the rods which its owner had formerly lent to the Egyptian Magi. Of this fact, however, Goodman Brown could not take cognizance. He had cast up his eyes in astonishment, and looking down again, beheld neither goody Cloyse nor the serpentine staff, but his renowned traveller alone, who waited for him as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"That old woman taught me my catechism!" said the young man; and there was a world of meaning in this simple comment.

They continued to walk onward, while the elder traveller exhorted his companion to make good speed and persevere in the path, discoursing so aptly, that his arguments seemed rather to spring up in the bosom of his auditor, than to be suggested by himself. As they went, he plucked a branch of maple, to serve for a walking stick, and began to strip it of the twigs and little boughs, which were wet with evening dew. The instant his fingers touched them, they became strangely withered and dried up, as with a week's sunshine. Thus the pair proceeded, at a good free pace, until suddenly, in a gloomy hollow of the road, Goodman Brown sat him-self down on the stump of a tree, and refused to go any farther.

"Friend," said he, stubbornly, "my mind is made up. Not another step will I budge on this errand. What if a wretched old woman do choose to go to the devil, when I thought she was going to Heaven! Is that any reason why I should quit my dear Faith and go after her?"

"You will think better of this, by-and-by," said his acquaintance, composedly. "Sit here and rest yourself awhile; and when you feel like moving again, there is my staff to help you along."

Without more words, he threw his companion the maple stick, and was speedily out of sight, as if he had vanished into the deepening gloom. The young man sat a few moments, by the roadside, applauding himself greatly, and thinking with how clear a conscience he should meet the eye of that good old man, our minister, at Salem village! Oh, his voice would make me tremble all over!

"Can this be so?" cried Goodman Brown, with a state of amazement at his undisturbed companion. "Howbeit, I have nothing to do with the governor and council; they have their own ways, and are no rule for a simple husbandman like me. But, were I to go on with thee, how should I meet the eye of that good old man, our minister, at Salem village? Oh, his voice would make me tremble all over!"

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"As he spoke, he pointed his staff at a female figure on the path, in whom Goodman Brown recognized a very pious and exemplary dame, who had taught him his catechism, in youth, and was still his moral and spiritual adviser, jointly with the minister and Deacon Gookin.

"A marvel, truly, that Goody Cloyse should be so far in the wilderness, at night-fall!" said he. "But with your leave, friend, I shall take a cut through the woods until we have left this Christian woman behind. Being a stranger

to you, she might ask whom I was consorting with, and whither I was going."

"Be it so," said his fellow traveller. "Betake you to the woods, and let me keep the path."

Accordingly the young man turned aside, but took care to watch his companion, who advanced softly along the road, until he had come within a staff's length of the old dame. She, meanwhile, was making the best of her way, with singular speed for so aged a woman, and mumbling some indistinct words, a prayer, doubtless, as she went. The traveller put forth his staff, and touched her withered neck with what seemed the serpent's tail.

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garb and manner to some grave divine of the New England churches.

'Bring forth the converts !' cried a voice, that echoed through the field and rolled into the forest.

At the word, goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees, and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood, by the sympathy of all that was wicked in his heart. He could have well nigh sworn, that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke wreath, while woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother ? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and good old deacon Gookin seized his arms, and led him to the blazing rock. Thither came also the slender form of a veiled female, led between Goody Cloyse, that pious teacher of the catechism, and Martha Carrier, who had received the devil's promise to be queen of hell. A rampant hag was she ! And there stood the proselytes, beneath the canopy of fire.

'Welcome, my children,' said the dark figure, 'to the communion of your grave ! Ye have found, thus young, your nature and your destiny ! My children, look behind you !'

They turned ; and flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend worshippers were seen ; the smile of welcome gleamed darkly on every visage.

'There,' resumed the sable form, 'are all whom ye have reverenced from youth. Ye deemed them holier than yourselves, and shrank from your own sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness, and prayerful aspirations heavenward. Yet, here are they all, in my worshiping assembly ! This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds ; how hoary-bearded elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maidens of their households ; how many a woman, eager for widow's weeds, has given her husband a drink at bed-time, and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom ; how beardless youths have made haste to inherit their father's wealth ; and how fair damsels—blush not, sweet ones !—have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of human hearts for sin, ye shall scent out all the places — whether in church, bed-chamber, street, field, or forest — when crime has been committed, and shall exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood spot. Far more than this ! It shall be yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin, the fountain of all wicked hearts, and which, inexhaustibly, supplies more evil impulses than human power — than my power, at its utmost can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other.'

They did so ; and by the blaze of the hell-kindled torches, the wretched man beheld his Faith, and the wife her husband, trembling before that unhallowed altar.

'Lo ! there ye stand, my children,' said the figure, in a deep and solemn tone, almost sad with its despairing awfulness, as if his once angelic nature, could yet mourn for our miserable race. 'Depending upon one another's hearts ye had still hoped that justice were not all a dream. Now, are ye undeviated ! Evil is the nature of mankind. Evil must be your only happiness. Welcome, again, my children to the communion of your race !'

'Welcome,' repeated the fiend worshippers, in one cry of despair and triumph.

And there they stood, the only pair, as it seemed, who were yet hesitating on the verge of wickedness, in this dark world. A basin was hollowed, naturally, in the rock. Did it contain water, reddened by the lurid light ? Or was it blood ? — or, perchance, a liquid flame ? Herein did the shape of evil dip his hand, and prepare to lay the mark of baptism upon their foreheads, that they might be partakers of the mystery of sin, more conscious of the secret guilt of others, both in deed and thought, than they could now be of their own. The husband cast one look at his pale wife, and Faith at him. What polluted wretches would the next glance shew them to each other, shuddering alike at what they disclosed, and what they saw !

'Faith ! Faith !' cried the husband, 'look to Heaven and resist the Wicked One !'

Whether Faith obeyed, he knew not. — Hardly had he spoken, when he found himself amid calm night and solitude, listening to a roar of the wind, which died heavily away through the forest. He staggered against the rock and felt it chill and damp, while a hanging twig, that had been all on fire, besprinkled his cheeks with the coldest dew.

The next morning young goodman Brown came slowly into the street of Salem village, staring around him like a bewildered man. The good old minister was taking a walk along the grave-yard, to get an appetite for breakfast and meditate his sermon, and bestowed a blessing, as he passed, on goodman Brown. He shrank from the venerable saint, as if to avoid an anathema. Old deacon Gookin was at domestic worship, and the holy words of his prayer were heard through the open window. 'What God doth the wizard pray to ?' quoth goodman Brown. Goody Cloyse, that excellent old Christian, stood in the early sunshine, at her own lattice, catechising a little girl, who had brought her a pint of morning's milk. — Goodman Brown snatched away the child, us from the grasp of the fiend himself. — Turning the corner by the meeting-house, he spied the head of Faith, with the pink ribbons, gazing anxiously forth, and bursting into such joy at sight of him, that she skipt along the street, and almost kissed her husband before the whole village. But goodman Brown looked sternly and sadly into her face, and passed on without a greeting.

Had goodman Brown fallen asleep in the forest, and only dreamed a wild dream of a witch-meeting ?

Be it so, if you will. But, alas ! it was a dream of evil omen for young goodman Brown. A stern, a sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man, did he become from the night of that fearful dream. On the Sabbath-day, when the congregation were singing a holy psalm, he could not listen, because an anthem of sin rushed loudly upon his ear, and drowned all the blessed strain. When the minister spoke from the pulpit, with power and for-

vid eloquence, and, with his hand on the open bible, of the sacred truths of our religion, and of saint-like lives and triumphant deaths, and of future bliss or misery unutterable, then did goodman Brown turn pale, dreading lest the very roof should thunder down upon the gray blasphemer and his hearers. Often, awaking suddenly at midnight, he shrank from the bosom of Faith, and at morning or eventide, when the family knelt down at prayer, he scowled, and muttered to himself, and gazed sternly at his wife, and turned away. And when he had lived long, and was borne to his grave a hoary corpse, followed by Faith, an aged woman, and children and grand-children, a goodly procession, besides neighbors, not a few, they carved no hopeful verse upon his tomb-stone ; for his dying hour was gloom.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

— "And truth diffuse her radiance from the Press."

GARDINER, MAY 8, 1835.

MISSIONS.

The doctrine, on which modern missions to the heathen are founded, is truly horrible, and inevitably involves consequences which we should think must lead all honest people to discard that doctrine altogether. The doctrine is no less than this, that without such preaching as the missionaries carry to them, the heathen, dying in their present ignorance, are lost to all eternity. That

there is, and can be, no salvation without a knowledge of the Gospel in this life, an experience of the new birth as produced by revival operations, and a practice corresponding thereto, is a sentiment held and taught as fundamental principle amongst all limitarian sects. This is the ground work of all their operations at home and abroad. Indeed, nothing is more common than to witness in the addresses and other articles designed to inculcate a missionary spirit, the declaration over and over again, that the heathen are perishing and going to hell in a mass, in consequence of their ignorance of the gospel ; and we have seen statements exactly made out containing the precise number, as near as can be calculated who yearly, daily and hourly drop into the fires of hell for the want of missionaries. We take it, that a belief in such facts, laying at the bottom of missionary operations, will not be denied.

Now we do not deny the value, the inestimable value of the Gospel, to the heathen. We believe its promulgation and reception in all pagan nations would be the very best blessing they could receive, as it would exalt their now highly debased minds, improve their hearts, correct the errors, regulate the lives, and beget the most purifying hopes amongst them. But these are not the considerations which induce modern missions. The Missionary is sent forth to save them from hell. Now look at this doctrine a moment, and see the consequences to which it must lead. It appears then, that God has created millions upon millions of human beings upon the face of the earth "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," has withheld from them, or never sent them the light of the Gospel, and because they are thus ignorant of the way of salvation, an ignorance for which they cannot be blamed, he will send them as fast as they die, to the lake which burneth forever with fire and brimstone. Can this be the character of a good Deity ? Is this the God of the Scriptures ? Are men to be made miserable to all eternity for not believing what they never heard of, — what they never had an opportunity to believe ? Is this reasonable — is it merciful — is it just ? We know it is neither. Then it cannot be true. We know it is impossible it should be true. But this doctrine must necessarily be maintained, agreeably to the system of preaching at home. For if we say there is such a place as an endless hell, and that all who do not believe so and so, and experience certain mental exercises, must suffer its pains, consistency requires that, when we look across the waters, we must apply it to the heathen as well as to the civilized nations. It is an old saying, that what proves too much, proves nothing. It is so with this system. It proves too much, and therefore proves itself false ; for it proves that God will make millions of his creatures infinitely miserable to all eternity simply because he never informed them of the way to escape his wrath, as they never had the opportunity of preparing to avert their fate. Such a position is too horrible for a rational man to believe. The whole system then, which teaches it, is too irrational to be credited. It cannot be true.

We would not be understood by these remarks, that we are opposed to sending missionaries to the heathen. On the contrary, our philanthropy makes us most earnestly desire that they should be blest with the light of the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and willing to sacrifice not a little towards promoting this object. But we do object to the doctrine in which modern missions are founded, and to the sentiments which are carried to them as the principles of the Gospel. We do not believe Calvinism, or any other partial system, has done, or ever will do good amongst the heathen. They may it is true take from them their false gods, but they substitute in their stead

a character for the true God which for cruelty infinitely surpasses any of the cruel notions of the heathen. If we may credit the history of missions for the last fifty years, the amount of real good produced by the operations of missionaries is miserably small, and to our mind the reason is obvious. Let christian ministers visit pagan nations and proclaim the true character of the One living and true God, let them teach the people the benevolence of his nature, and assure them that he is "the Father of the spirits of all flesh," let them set forth the doctrines of the Gospel in all their original simplicity and beauty, and make known to the people, that God has given Christ "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession;" let them encourage them by the hopes of heaven, rather than drive them by the fears of hell, and we doubt not missionaries would soon have a new and different story to tell of the success of their operations, than they have heretofore told.

When the first christian preachers went forth amongst the heathen to declare the tidings of the Gospel, what was the tenor of their message ? Did Christ tell them the heathen were all going to hell, and they must go forth and get up revivals to save them from the wrath of their heavenly Father ? No. Nothing like it. And in the history of their missions as recorded in the book of Acts, do we find that the apostles labored to convince people of the existence of a hell and of the truth of eternal misery beyond the grave ? No, indeed. So far from it, that never in a single case did they mention such a word as hell, or otherwise inform the people of the existence of such a place. Look through the Acts, and you will find our statement correct. The word hell was never used by the primitive missionaries. But now, this is the great burden of all professedly christian preaching ! — How have the times changed, and the characters of Christian missionaries altered ! Let a book of the Acts of modern missionaries be written, and compared with the Acts of the apostles, and what a striking difference would there be between the two.

THE UNJUST STEWARD.

The following exposition of the parable of the unjust steward is from the pen of Br. C. F. Le Fevre of New York city. We wish to furnish for the benefit of our readers every thing we can which throws light upon the Sacred Scriptures.

"And the lord commanded the unjust steward, because he had done wisely ; for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of God. And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness ; that, when ye have been faithful in the truth, then may ye receive you into everlasting habitations." — Luke xvi : 8, 9.

In commenting on this portion of scripture, we must be indulged in making a few prefatory remarks :

We observe, first, then, that to conclude that the parable does not include immoral doctrines, is premature and hasty. It is possible that we, at this period, do not see its proper application. The persons to whom it was addressed might have seen and felt its point ; and being connected with circumstances unknown to us, it appears to teach a very different sentiment from what it was undoubtedly designed to convey. While the whole tenor of the teachings of Christ, is in accordance with the perfect principles of equity and truth, it is not to be supposed that he would introduce a parable, the teachings of which would be to subvert those cardinal virtues. If then we cannot satisfactorily explain this parable, it is more reasonable to suppose that the difficulty exists in our ignorance of the peculiar situation of the speaker and his audience, than that he actually advanced a sentiment in direct opposition to his general instruction.

We observe, secondly, that a parable is like a fable. It is not designed to be taken to pieces and the parts examined and applied separately, but the whole is calculated to teach some moral. A good moral may be deduced, though the characters engaged are no wise worthy our imitation. The enquiry then, which the mind should agitate, is — what is the moral which this parable is designed to inculcate ?

Keeping those remarks in view, we will now proceed to examine the parable itself. It commences by informing us that a certain rich man had a steward, who was accused of wasting his property. The master calls the steward to him, and tells him of the report which he had heard of his extravagance and demands of him an account of his stewardship ; for it was his intention to dismiss him from his service. The steward thus forewarned, resolves in his mind what course he had better adopt in this emergency. He was ashamed to beg for living, having been in a respectable situation and he could not dig nor labor with his hands, having never been brought up to such employ. He finally concludes to make friends with his master's debtors, that when he should be put out of his stewardship, they will afford him an asylum in their house. — For this purpose he summoned them before him, and having ascertained the amount of their debts, he deducts one half or a third, as the case may be, and gives them a receipt in full. Now follows the text : "And the lord, (that is, the master of the steward, and not our Lord as it has sometimes been supposed by inadvertent readers,) commanded the unjust steward because he had done wisely for the children of this world, or age, are in their generation, wiser than the children of light." The commendation which was bestowed on the steward by his master was not that he had acted correctly or honestly, but that he had evinced much prudence, or foresight, or policy, in his conduct. He had secured himself friends, who in consideration of the favors they had received from him, would give him a shelter when he should be rejected from his stewardship.

One circumstance more, we think, is entitled to remark. No ardent spirits were furnished to the hands, or were on the ground. The building was raised without

any intoxicating drink. The same remark can hardly be made of the raising of any one of the meeting-houses in town. This was not an arrangement made in conformity with any previous design or request, but was a necessary one resulting from the indisposition of the workmen to partake of ardent spirits. We take no great credit for this circumstance, but mention it in the hope that hereafter we may not always, as a body, be classed with drunkards, and the more dissolute portions of society. There were nearly a hundred men engaged in the erection of the building, and seldom is there seen a more orderly, sober and respectable body of citizens assembled than was to be seen at the raising of the first Universalist Church in Augusta.

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AGENCY AND ACCOUNTABILITY.

There are not many men who have more carefully investigated the subject, or can write a better article on the metaphysical niceties of free will and necessity than Br. Russell Streeter, formerly of Portland, now of Woodstock, Vt. The following is from his pen, communicated for the Universalist Watchman. It is an able argument. We ask our readers to pursue the train of thought which he has introduced.

Mr. Editor— Looking for a charitable construction on my remarks, from your readers, I will briefly explain the grounds, upon which those doctrines harmonize, according to my understanding of them.

The force of the objection may be seen in the following question : How can the Almighty make all mankind obedient to his law and reconcile them to his own holy nature, without doing violence to human agency ? It is contended that submission or obedience to the law of God, (if such it may be called,) which is *against the will*, would not be acceptable to the holy Being. All piety or holiness in men, is that, which is free and voluntary.

To such reasons, I am not about to object; but shall meet the main question, upon these very principles, and show that it proposes no serious and solid objection to the final bliss of mankind.

When the Creator endowed his intelligent offspring with abilities and faculties, rendering them accountable to him, he must have had, also in view, their final destiny ; and the agency which each one possessed, must have had special reference to the determine pleasure and purpose of God, in giving him existence. To suppose that the Deity had no ultimate object in view, when he determined that man should exist, is irreverent in a high degree ; to suppose he gave man an agency which would frustrate divine purpose, would be blasphemous ; therefore, to conclude that human agency is wisely interwoven in the system of the divine economy, and will ultimately prove conducive to the benevolent purpose of God, in the creation and destination of man is reasonable and unavoidable. The proper question, then, is, Did J. Hovat intend to render all men gainers, by their existence, or did he mean to make some of them endlessly miserable ? If God was disposed to make all men finally happy, he certainly would do it, in a way, not to infringe on their agency ; but if he was not so disposed then common sense teaches, that he would not give to those, whom he predestined a final misery, any powers, by which the possibly could be, forever happy.

But I am surprised that those people who profess to believe, that God does, by a supernatural operation upon the hearts and minds of his chosen people, instantly convert them from rebellion to obedience, without violating their agency, should still pretend that the same infinite Being could not, if so disposed, convert and save all other rebels, in a similar manner, and yet, not take away their agency. If no violence has been done to the moral capacities of all who have already been reconciled to God, in having a new heart and disposition given them, neither would any be done to the rest of mankind, were they all sanctified and saved by the same Almighty Spirit.

If our opposers will allow themselves to reason candidly on this subject, I am convinced they would discover that the very same objections might be urged against them, which they prefer against the final restoration. When God declares, "I will make every knee shall bow," what difference can it make, as to the agency of the creature, whether he meant to include all mankind, or a part of them ? Certainly none. For if it would infringe on the agency of men, collectively, for God to make the world, then, of course, it would be an equal infringement upon such agency, for any part of them to fall prostrate before God. But God produces this prostration in each one, and consequently, in all, through the media of those faculties, capacities and privileges by which they are constituted moral agents. On this scheme our accountability evinces the divine wisdom and benevolence ; because all motives, persuasions, admonitions, corrections and chastisements are so calculated as to have a proper bearing upon the merciful design of God, conferring existence.

We read in the good Book, that "God will have all men to be saved." Now, ask — What advantage would an object obtain, by limiting the phrase "all men" to barely *one half* of all mankind ? Could he explain to unbiased reason the ground upon which that half could be conquered and overcome by grace divine, so as to prisoners of mercy, and yet act freely voluntarily, but that the other half of the same intelligent family, could not be subdued and saved, without destroying the proper agency ? Impossible.

Jesus Christ came to save sinners ; not to do violence to any faculties which they possess. And that must be next, indeed, which would prove that the nature of his converts, would alter the nature of the process by which they were renewed and saved.

A good name is better than precious ornament, and the day of death than the day of one's birth. — Ecclesiastes vii. 1.

A CANDID MAN.

Universalists and other liberal christians not unfrequently subscribe for papers of opposite sentiments, in order that they may hear both sides and then judge concerning truth; but it is so seldom that we have known a similar course pursued by persons opposed to our sentiments that really (beginning the pardon of the writer) we are disposed to give below the copy of a letter received a few days since from a gentleman in one of our eastern towns. The writer shows the spirit of candor, and a desire to establish himself in the truth. We thank him for his subscription to our paper, and whilst we trust he will exercise the spirit of indulgence towards our imperfections, and consider, in our behalf, the various duties and the various sorts of articles which are expected of an editor. We hope ever to evince the spirit of the gospel of love; but may sometimes err from our course through the numberless provocations which tempt the flesh.

— April 26, 1835.

My Dear Sir,
Will you please to accept the enclosed two dollars, and send me the Christian Intelligencer one year from the first of May next?

I make this request, not because I am a Universalist, but, having just subscribed for the Morning Star, (a Free-will Baptist paper) I wish to take your paper also, that I may read both sides, and then judge.

I have no doubt but that the truth is somewhere between you and the editor of the Star. Now I know of no better way for me to become fully persuaded in my own mind, than carefully to examine the arguments exhibited, and the spirit manifested by each, and then compare them with the writings and spirit of the Sacred Scriptures, according to the best of my abilities.

And I do most earnestly pray that I may be able to seek for truth, without being influenced by prejudice, for candor becometh the human mind forever, and he who judgeth a matter before he heareth or understandeth it, sustains the character of Solomon's fool.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Universalism is strong in Boston and vicinity. In that city there are four Societies; in Cambridge, one; in Roxbury, one; in Dorchester, one; in Charlestown, one; in Malden, one; in Lynn, one; in Salem, one; in Danvers, two; in Gloucester, three or four; in Quincy, one; &c. &c. In Boston there are three Universalist papers, all zealously maintaining the doctrine of Universal salvation, viz. "Trumpet and Magazine," the "Independent Messenger," and the "Universalist and Ladies Repository." We call the Messenger a Universalist paper, because it teaches the doctrine of Universal salvation. This is Universalism, and all who maintain it are Universalists. With regard to the new meaning which the Messenger and that authority alone, has been trying to fit upon the word Universalist, we feel ourselves under no special obligations to adopt it. We wish to call things by their right names.

AN OLD UNIVERSALIST.

Can the reader tell who the "old Universalist" is, described in the following article by Br. A. C. Thomas of Philadelphia? — Doubtless he is an heretic still, for he has not altered his character since he first began to show forth the goodness of God. Is it not a matter of wonder, that the Pope has not excommunicated and anathematized him before?

I know not precisely when nor where the subject of this sketch was born, and I choose to omit the reasons which induce me to conceal his name. I value him chiefly for his "works' sake," for his excellent example, for the unvarying benevolence he has ever displayed; and deem it inexpedient to notice particulars of minor importance, at present.

He is a practical Universalist. With speculative religion he has nothing to do. His religion consists in "doing good." His example has frequently brought to remembrance the exhortation of Jesus, "let your light shine before men." I see him almost every day, and whenever I see him he is doing good. I have witnessed his good works times without number, and have thus am conscious, been led to glorify our Father in heaven.

His benevolence is not confined to any sect or party within the sphere of his influence. It is withholden from none — it is freely, and without price, extended to all, according to the wants and necessities of each. The "evil and the good" are alike the objects of his beneficence. With him 'there is no respect of persons.' The 'righteousness of the righteous' does not induce his blessing — the 'wickedness of the wicked' does not prevent the extension of his favor. For ever produced a cessation of his kindness, nor ingratitude ever been known to cool his ardent disposition to do good.

I do not affirm that he is perfect, in the highest sense of the word — for perfection, strictly speaking, belongs to God alone. — Close examination has discovered some dark spots on his character — but they are scarcely discernable amid the splendor of his valuable qualities; and it is believed that they do not materially impair his usefulness.

I have called him "an old Universalist." He was born before Enoch walked with God — but he evinces none of the signs of old age. Time on him has no effect. He retains his original vigor, and with it his unvarying and impartial benevolence.

He is possessed of the wisdom that is from above, "full of mercy and good fruits without partiality, and without hypocrisy;" and so strong a resemblance has he been supposed

to bear to the "Father of lights and mercies," that multitudes in former ages bowed down and worshipped him.

He was referred to by a holy man of old as at once a proof and illustration of the universal, impartial love of Deity; and so fitly emblematical of that holy man was he deemed by prophetic inspiration, as to furnish a most striking and appropriate appellation for the "Lord our righteousness."

He was a silent witness of the miracles of mercy performed by our Savior; beheld the Messiah crowned with thorns; saw the "man of sorrows" journeying to Calvary; — and it is recorded that he hid his face when Jesus expired on the cross.

Who is this old Universalist?
Philadelphia. A. C. T.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

We take the liberty to make the following extract of a letter from Br. Luke P. Rand, dated Farmington Falls, April 30. Br. Rand has for some time past been travelling and preaching in New Hampshire and Vermont, but has returned to Maine, and will probably preach a portion of the time in New Sharon and vicinity, the coming season.

"I have never seen any time that called for the exertions of the friends of our cause more than the present. Our opposing brethren spare no pains in building up their cause and in endeavoring to destroy what I believe to be the cause of genuine Gospel truth. And I must say, the most successful measures now resorted to for this purpose are misrepresentation; for if our opposers will hold up our doctrine as it is, and our arguments in support of it as they are, we have nothing to fear. But truth is great, and I believe will prevail. The doctrine of the ultimate salvation of all the family of man, is reasonable, consistent, and in accordance with all the best feelings of the human heart. And thousands are becoming acquainted with it. All which is wanted is light on the subject. When people become acquainted with the doctrine, and behold its fair proportions — how it accords with the benevolence of the Deity and his holy will, and how it satisfies the wants of every truly christian heart, — they will and must embrace it. I do hope that the doctrine of Christ will be preached in its purity, and that the nations of the earth will be enlightened with the true light. But for one, I can only do my duty as I understand it, in the fear of the Lord, and trust in the God of the armies of Israel for carrying on his work as it may please him.

May the God of heaven build us up in every good word and work [Amen, Ed.] and may the heralds of truth be prospered and come off conquerors and more than conquerors through him that gave himself for us."

POWER OF GOD.

Br. Adams of the Concord Star, abounds in short sensible articles touching religious faith and practice. Take the following. We do not suppose that the power of God will be exerted to secure the salvation of his creatures in opposition to his wisdom, justice, or any of the means of moral improvement, which he has established in the earth — but consistently with all these. — Surely he cannot have established any laws, physical or moral, which will defeat his will; but through those laws we trust his power will finally be seen and felt in the willing reconciliation of all things to Him.

The question has been often asked how all men can be saved, since sin and wickedness so much abound in the world? How much real weight is this question entitled to?

This orderly creation which we now behold was once without form and void; and darkness covered the face of the deep. But God said "let there be light, and there was light." How was this performed?

We answer — by the power of God. He commanded light to shine out of darkness, and his command was obeyed.

Now think seriously. Cannot he who has done all this, spread abroad the knowledge of his love to the ends of the earth?

Is his power insufficient for this? You cannot answer, nay! Then be consistent — and remember, whenever you think that if you possessed the power, you would banish sin from the universe — that God has all power, and will in his own due time, bring about this desirable end."

BUCKSPORT.

From a worthy brother in Bucksport, we learn that the cause of truth is in a prosperous condition in Bucksport, where our devoted brother Fulmer is located. The Society maintains its meetings every Sabbath. In the absence of Br. F. who preaches a part of the time in other places, the brethren meet regularly for instruction and praise, when appropriate Sermons are read, and other exercises had. This is the true course for a Society to take if it would enjoy a permanent prosperity.

DRESS OF MIND.

On Sunday morning before going to church, what a dressing there is among all classes, and what a stir to appear gay and pleasing. It is quite sufficient for the great purpose of our existence to wash the outside of the platter. Curls may be arranged, fine tortoise shell combs fixed, sparkling ear-rings hung, splendid garments displayed, and yet the gay fair one's mind may be poisoned with conceit, troubled with rivalry and kept on the torture by ignorance and vanity. Windsor soap does not wash out stains of the heart, nor can Cologne water throw a fragrance over an impure mind.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES. — It has been ascertained from the official records of the Custom houses, as we are informed, that upwards of six hundred Roman Catholic Missionaries have arrived in the United States within the last twelve months.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

— "And catch the manners living as they rise." —

GARDINER, MAY 8, 1835.

ACCIDENT. — A boy about 12 years of age, son of Mr. Benjamin Weymouth, while about to examine a pistol with which his playmates were amusing themselves, was shot in the breast, the ball with which it was loaded passing between the fifth and sixth ribs was removed from under the interior portion of the shoulder blade. He is now recovering from the effects of the wound.

Important Invention. — Gideon Hotchkiss, Esq., of Windsor, Broome Co. New York, heretofore favorably known as one of the most ingenious mechanics of the State, has invented a new species of re-action Water wheel, for which he has obtained a patent; and which bids fair, we are assured, to outlive all other machinery of the kind heretofore in use. It is small in size, runs vertically, entirely under water, and proves to be not only well adapted to machinery in general, but particularly to Saw-mills. In its application to saw-mills, it combines all the advantages of the geared re-action wheel, and yet is more simple and permanent than the flutter-wheel. The whole propelling power is obtained without either oars or straps, and being under water, is neither liable to decay, to be destroyed by fire, or obstructed by ice. Mr. Hotchkiss' Mills are cheap in construction, and possess advantages so obvious, separate from the saving of expense, that mill owners where they are known, upon the Susquehanna, Delaware, Alleghany, and the neighboring small streams, are already engaged in tearing out their old machinery, and introducing them. — *Broome County Courier*.

Worsted. — We are informed that the new Worsted Manufactory at Lowell, — the only one in this country, — which has recently gone into operation, possesses great advantages over the English Factory for the production of Worsted Goods. The machinery is so constructed as to make a great saving of labor at the same time that it makes a better fabric. — *Whig*.

WOOL. — There was imported into the port of Boston during the year 1834, three million five hundred and fifteen thousand pounds of wool, that cost less than eight cents per pound, and free of duty — one hundred thirty three thousand nine hundred pounds, costing over eight cents per pound, and dutiable. — *Morning Post*.

Advertising. — No wonder the New York papers thrive so handsomely — they each contain every day two or three hundred advertisements. Persons who have their interest at heart will not begrudge the trifling sum which an advertisement may cost — it not only brings merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, &c. into public notice and procures them business, but gives a thriving appearance to the place, and tells the world that we are 'up and doing.'

Portrait of a French Exquisite. — I shall not speedily forget the first time I had the honor of seeing Monsier Vaurien. A sharp hook nose, and a jaw of more than ordinary dimensions — face long and lean, and a complexion so cadaverous that it seemed a reflection from the pale flag of death, bespake the Frenchman. His shoulders rose on each wing of him to a level with his mouth, overlooking his person like pronounces, from whence his arms "hung clattering" like the handles of an old fashioned pump. He was in full dress for a village ball, and was remarkable for singularity rather than the taste of his costume. His coat was of the genuine Pomona green, with a collar reaching to the crown of his head. His waistcoat was white, and studed with three rows of small yellow buttons. Canary small clothes (*horresco referens*) with flesh colored stockings decorated the "trifles" upon which he stood, and a pump which never emulated a vice, developed the corns and bunions on his foot to exquisite advantage. His cravat, which at least he took an hour to adjust, was fastened in the centre with a yellow cornelian, and beneath it a waving banner of frill sported in the wanton zephyr. A silver eye glass, with a red ribbon, white kid gloves, and a cue long enough for a billiard-player — the portrait is complete. — *A Tale of the Western Border*.

Another Revolution in Mexico. — The

ship Congress, at New York, 18 days from Vera Cruz, reports that a revolution had just broken out, and four States had already pronounced Gen. Santa Anna's acts illegal, and declared in favor of the Vice President, Don Gomez Farias. The Congress sailed on the day the news was received at Vera Cruz, and from the state of things at that time, it was feared there would be a bloody war. At the date of the latest advices, four of the principal States — Zacatecas, San Luis, Morelia and Durango — had joined the insurrection. The President, Santa Anna, who had been rustication at his farm in the country, set out on the morning of the 6th for the capital, where great excitement prevailed among his partisans; and it was feared that another revolutionary movement would be made by the garrison of the city, consisting of 2000 men. The town of Texia where Gen. Alvarez, (the chief conspirator,) dates his plan, is in the southern part of Mexico, on the coast of the Pacific, and not far from the port of Acapulco. It is a melancholy thing that a country so rich and beautiful as New Spain, should be continually distracted with these harassing internal commotions.

Bogota, March 20, 1835. — On the 23d January last, from 1 o'clock till 8 in the morning, a noise like the firing of artillery and musketry (produced by the bursting of meteors in the sky) was heard all over New Grenada and the Ecuador, from Santa Martha and Cartagena to Quito. The villages round Bogota were in arms next day, expecting that a revolution had taken place but a few days restored tranquility. This natural phenomenon is equal to the 13th of November, 1833, in the United States, although not much is said about it, as the newspapers here do not notice these things.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

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NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Collector's Office,
District of Portland and Falmouth, {
Portland April 8, 1835.

The Light House Towers at Pond Island and Pemaquid Point, in the State of Maine, being about to be rebuilt; — Notice is hereby given, that the Light will be extinguished on Pond Island, on the first day of May next; and at Pemaquid Point, on the first day of June next. Notice will hereafter be given, when the Light Houses will again be lighted.

JOHN CHANDLER,
Collector, and Superintendent of Light Houses in Maine. }

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CHARLES H. PARTRIDGE,
TAILOR,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Gardiner and vicinity that he has taken the

For the Christian Intelligencer.

THE NEGLECTED CHURCH.

I passed it Sabbath morn; enclosed it stood,
Alone and silent, as in widowhood;
Reared its acusin, turn to the skies;
— O why do men thus swind fame despite?
All beautiful it seemed, apart, re-luse
From earthly things, designed for holy use,
But no attentive, congregated crowd
Of worshippers, with humble hearts, there bowed
To celebrate their common Father's praise
United, to him devoutly raise
Hymns. I thanksgiving, their petitions send
To him who is their never-changing Friend.
By no fortidone step the aisles were trod,
No gifted preacher raised the mind to God,
Within whose sound of peace was heard,
No songs of joy the sinking spirit stirred;
Why was it o'er late? does man forget
His earthly way with dangers is beset?
Does he neglect to supplicate the aid,
To ask the guidance Heaven his duty made?
Refuse to listen to the voice within
That bids us to escape the snare of sin?
And, hardened grown in infidelity,
Deride the Land that suffered on the tree
With scolding tongue, and blithely honge thy
To idol chance to which they're gone astray?
Or has the Deity, with angry frown,
On man's apostacy in crass looked down,
Denied his presence to this calm retreat?
Where Christians once reigned, yon it did meet?
O let's the story's short, and yon shall hear
The reason why when various see is appear,
Obeying to the church's Sabbath peal
That bids them mor' I maladies to heal,
This stands fast w' thout an answering tone,
By all to saven, and now sought by n' ne.
A-pit a pride expel the devotes,
ho then fastidious fate essayed to please
Where laws're ravel'd, 'n' lost fashion and display:
They gathered there with pale face to play
ev' to the lone deserted tenement,
From holy, motives, and on goot' tent,
A watchful pastor's flock he bither let,
Broke to their longs souls the spell-head,
Illum' them w' th wisdom from on high,
Iha holding w' th love its bright rays,
Dispayed the rich res, depth of your grace,
And taught them confidence in your places
The bliss of earth is ev'ryone expensive,
And here in peace the little ones are free;
And many come from far to worship here,
Whee, were proclam' the troublos to them most dear.
They heard with love increase, and wakened zeal,
The preacher's eloquent and just appeal;
With glowing heart received the train divine,
Which more they valued than the richest mine
Of gittin' gen's, the fruitful earth affords,
The boast of its fantastie, had thy lordz;
Delighted listened, with attentive ear,
To messages of love that banished fear,
And diligently sought their Master's will,
That they his just requirements might fulfill.
But, lo! o' possest proud, with envious eye,
With h' stile seen to do oppres' son vic.
Imperious rule the scourging rod,
With rage malicious drive the flock abroad:
From pastures of delight where they were fed,
Driven by selfish lig' ty, they fled.
Great Shepherd, who from on' dark wilderness,
And eror's desert, called them into this
Thy sanctuary, w' th them, thus dispersed,
Abandon' them, who hither brought them fr' t?
While this I speak, and wonder'g see are
A lofty temple tow'g to the skies,
I hear a voice — From wandering they come,
With praise, and shouts of joy returning home.
From all their toils the weary soul shall rest,
And with my presence be completely blest.
A LADY.

From "Recollections of a House Keeper," by Mrs. GILMAN.

LUCY COOLEGE.

Servitude is honor, not
Disgrace, when falling fortunes make it need'd.

GOETHE. *Herman and Dorothea.*

CINDA blundered through ten months in my service, sometimes fretting and sometimes amusing me with her oddities, before her curiosity and love of change induced her to leave me. At length, with some little emotion, she announced her intention of removing.

"I know, Miss Packard," said she, "that you will miss me more than enough; such a bird is not to be caught on every bough. 'Tisn't every body that has my knack at thrashing about among the pots and kettles. I'm not the person that holds a frying pan with white gloves on. But I've a notion to see a little more of the world. Miss Bachelor is going out to Roxbury to live, and I'm to try how she suits me a spell. Howsoever, as I don't want to leave you without nobody, Mr. Tucker, the butler, says one Lucy Cool die is in particular want of a situation, being as how old Miss Amory died two weeks ago, and ain't left her no provision."

On the following morning I had a conversation with Mr. Tucker about Lucy Coolege. The narration interested me, though I drew the inference, that she would not be as dexterous in "thrashing about among the pots and kettles" as her predecessor. She had been adopted in orphan-infancy by Mrs. Amory, and educated as well as her slender means would permit. The tendency of her teaching, it appeared, was to form a religious character, and cultivate great original sensibility in her young charge. For two years, Mrs. Amory had been lingering with a chronic affection, and left Lucy, at the age of seventeen, without a shelter, except from the charity of neighbors.

"It was a crying sight," said Mr. Tucker, "to see the poor thing the day Mrs. Amory died, looking around so pitifully, as much as to say 'I've nothing left now!' She sat as still as could be, for you know there are folks enough always busy at layings-out, and just watching what they did in a wistful kind of a way. I made a shift to get a neighbor to ride around with the meats for me, first picking out a real tender bit of mutton for some broth for Miss Lucy; and made as good a bargain as I could about the coffin. I happened in again on the afternoon of the burying, and I was scared to see her so quiet. When her name was called out to walk with Deacon Hedges as chief mourner, she just went straight forward, without putting her handkerchief to her eyes, and didn't seem to care to lean on his arm, even. She walked right on to the grave, and gave a look as if she could not look far enough, nor long enough, and then came back — but no crying, not a drop. She went into the sitting-room where the

chairs still stood thick and close, and sat down, and there wasn't one of us that know'd what to say. You know, ma'am, if she had only took on, we could have comforted her. At last Deacon Hedges' wife went to take off her bonnet, seeing she didn't move, and took hold of her hand. 'My gracious, Lucy,' says she, 'your hand is like ice;' and so it was, though it was a warm day, and her cheeks were like ice too; and says she, with a kind of shiver, 'My heart is ice.' They fell to rubbing her hands, and gave her some wine to drink, and in a half an hour or thereabouts, she fetched a sigh, and large tears rolled down her cheeks; and them as stood by wiped them off, for she seemed not to know that she was a crying. She has come too now pretty much, but has an ugly cough, and I don't like the look of her eyes. Mrs. Amory taught her all kinds of house-work, and I've a notion, if she was in a regular family, she would be quite pert again. A man, you see, Miss Packard," continued Mr. Tucker, clearing his throat, "can worry through these things, and make shift for a living; but it's hard for young women to push on through thick and thin."

I should have been glad to assist Lucy in a pecuniary way, but to a character like hers independence was the better charity; and as Cinda had fixed on the day for quitting me, Mr. Tucker promised to engage a seat in the Newton stage for her to Boston.

The stage arrived about ten o'clock on the day appointed, and Lucy was the only passenger. It was a great unwieldy vehicle, without glasses, the leather curtains flapping all around, the worn cushions as slippery as glass, and so little spring in its construction, that Lucy's slight figure was thrown from side to side as the horses, for city display whisked up to the door.

She was dressed in simple mourning. There was no affectation of better days about her; she entered the kitchen as the scene of her duties with quiet gravity, and went through her work with precision and fidelity, and only on Sunday evenings allowed herself the luxury of reading.

Servants' apartments, in New-England, are always in the house wth the family; Lucy's bed-room was near mine, and every night before she retired, for three months, we heard her sweet voice in an evening hymn. Gradually, however, from five or six verses she diminished to one, until at last no music was heard; but a hoarse deep cough broke in even on my midnight slumbers.

Still she moved on in her daily duties, though I could not regard with anxiety the color that lit her cheek at evening, and made her intellectual face even beautiful. I gradually lightened her heavier employments, and gave her sewing in the parlor, for Polly had by this time become familiar with my arrangements, and with occasional assistance was strong enough to engage in carrying them out.

But Lucy drooped daily, struggling on; I was often obliged to take her work from her forcibly, so conscientious was she. I sent for a physician. She met him with a gentle smile. After paring with her, he said to me, "There has been some heart sickness in this case, I suspect. There is a fine organization in some systems, ten times more delicate, and yielding alike to mental and bodily pressure; and here is of that stamp. The case is call'ing for recl'at', and I will immediately so advise with you."

When I returned to the parlor, Lucy had laid her head in her lap, and sat with her hands folded, as in reverie. "I see, by your countenance, Miss Packard," said she, "what Dr. Webster thinks of my case, and I am not very sorry. I am *only* sorry because I shall be source of care and anxiety, in such a scene of quiet happiness as your house always presents."

"To me, dear Madam," continued she, after a pause, turning her large dark eyes upwards, "to me, *to die is gain.*" I had been educated religiously, attended church regularly, learned appropriate catechisms and hymns, and found in the example of my dear mother the best of all instruction; but I had never suffered, never seen death in any form, and my religion was the overflowing of gratitude, not the want of poor humanity. I could not realize the force of Lucy's expression. To be willing to leave this bright world, so full of the blossoms of hope and love, to quit the pure air, and the bright skies, and be the moulding tenant of the solitary tomb — how could it be gain? I looked at her thin pale cheek inquiringly, and could not restrain my tears.

Lucy smiled sadly — "Life appears," said she, "very differently to one who, like you, enjoys the sympathy of friends, of such friends too! I am now only a weed on the stream of time. When I pass into the ocean of eternity, who knows but that I may be attached to something bright and beautiful too?"

From that moment, that little moment of heart and sensibility, my relations with Lucy assumed a different aspect. I drew a chair near her — "Lucy," I said, cheerfully, "I will be the beautiful thing to which you shall be attached in this world; so do not talk of another, dear." I was checked by the pressure of her thin hand, where even labor had not been able to shade the blue veins, so light was their covering.

From the moment that this delicate chain of sympathy was thrown over our minds, there was a quiet but distinct course of action between us. My part was to strengthen and animate her sinking frame. I brought her fresh flowers, new books, kind friends, and little luxuries that cool the feverish lip; but Lucy had a higher task to perform. It was, though it was a warm day, and her cheeks were like ice too; and says she, with a kind of shiver, 'My heart is ice.' They fell to rubbing her hands, and gave her some wine to drink, and in a half an hour or thereabouts, she fetched a sigh, and large tears rolled down her cheeks; and them as stood by wiped them off, for she seemed not to know that she was a crying. She has come too now pretty much, but has an ugly cough, and I don't like the look of her eyes. Mrs. Amory taught her all kinds of house-work, and I've a notion, if she was in a regular family, she would be quite pert again. A man, you see, Miss Packard," continued Mr. Tucker, clearing his throat, "can worry through these things, and make shift for a living; but it's hard for young women to push on through thick and thin."

Still she gently recurred to high and spiritual topics, and led my thoughts at times beyond earthly affections. She marked passages in the Bible of the most attractive character for me to read to her, and when her cough would allow, breathed out a hymn in sweet and happy strains, in which I soon loved to join. Time wore away, and she revived a little with reviving spring. She still had strength to carry her plants from window to window to catch the sunbeams, and could sit to watch the twilight in its dying glory.

But soon she failed again, and one sight Edward and I were awaked to go to her. She could but whisper to us as we bent over her, "Do not love each other too well. Pray with and for each other. Forget not that Christ lived and died for you. I shall expect you both, both — in Heaven." And thus she died.

One favor only had she asked of us. It was that she might be buried in the country church-yard of her native town.

"I would have overcome that little preference," she once said, "did I not know there is something soothing in complying with the wishes of the dying. How idle a fancy," she continued, smiling, "to wish that trees should wave and birds sing over this wasted form; but nature has been so lovely to me that I have a kind of gratitude to her, and it is sweet to think that I shall repose among those objects which God has given me sensibility to enjoy."

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PROSPECTUS of Volume Eighteenth of the NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL & H. HASTINGS WELD
EDITORS.

THE Eighteenth Volume of the **GALAXY** will commence on the 1st of January, 1835. In accordance with a promise given not long since, that the paper should advance in literary merit in proportion as it gained in public favor, we have spared no pains or expense to render it worthy of patronage: PRIZES have been paid for a successful TALE & POEM, and a liberal remuneration has been given for Original Articles. During the last four months there have been published in the columns of the paper no less than sixteen ORIGINAL TALES, and twenty-one ORIGINAL POEMS, together with Sketches, Essays, &c. making in all, probably a greater quantity of Original matter than has been given of the same quality in any other paper in the United States.

The fact that these exertions have been met by an increase of names upon our subscription list, far exceeding our most sanguine expectations, has induced us to engage the services of JOHN NEAL, Esq. of Portland, who will hereafter be associated with H. HASTINGS WELD, Esq. the present Editor; in addition to which, we offer for Original Articles the following

PRIZES.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE : FIFTY DOLLARS.

For the best ORIGINAL POEM : TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

For the best Article on a Humorous Subject : TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

The manuscripts may be directed to the Editors of the Galaxy, Boston, post paid, till the last of April, 1835, and the award will be made during the month of May following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note, marked 'Name,' and the directions of the successful writers only will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the editors of the Galaxy.

TERMS OF THE GALAXY. Three dollars per annum in advance. As we have no agents, persons at a distance who wish the paper can enclose the amount by mail. Postage fees and others who may forward the names of five subscribers and fifteen dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis; or a reasonable commission.

Although our list of exchanges is already sufficiently large, and we have felt obliged to decline new ones; we now offer an exchange to any editor who will publish this advertisement — provided always, that the Galaxy is not to be put on a Reading Room File.

MASTERS & MARDEN.

Boston, Dec. 20th 1834. No. 28 Court Street.

THE GARDINER SAVINGS INSTITUTION. Incorporated by an act of the Legislature.

THE design of this Institution is to afford to those who are desirous of saving their money, but who have not acquired sufficient to purchase a share in the Banks or a sum in the public Stocks, the means of employing their money to advantage, without the risk of losing it, as they are too frequently exposed to do by lending it to individuals. It is intended to encourage the industrious and prudent, and to induce those who have not hitherto been such, to lessen their unnecessary expenses, and to save by something for a period of life, when they will be less able to earn a support.

The Institution will commence operation the **THIRD WEDNESDAY OF JULY**, 1835. The Office for the present will be kept in Gardiner in the brick building nearly opposite the Gardiner Bank, where deposits will be received every Wednesday from 12 o'clock at noon to 1 o'clock P.M. Deposits received on the first Wednesday of Aug.; next and previous thereto will be put upon interest from that day. Deposits received subsequently will draw interest from the first Wednesday of the succeeding quarter agreeable to the by-laws.

Deposits as low as **one dollar** will be received; and when any person's deposits shall amount to **five dollars** they will be put upon interest.

Twice every year, namely on the third Wednesday of every January and July, a dividend or payment will be made at the rate of **four per cent.** per annum on all deposits of three months standing.

Although only **four per cent.** is promised every year, yet every fifth year all extra income which has not been divided and paid will then be divided among those whose deposit are of one year's standing in just proportion to the length of time the money has been in the power of the institution.

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It is intended that the concerns of the Institution shall be managed upon the most economical plan, and nothing will be deducted from the income but the actual expenses necessary to carry on the business, such as a moderate compensation to the Treasurer, room rent, and other small incidental expenses.

The Trustees will take no emolument or pay for their services, having undertaken the trust solely to promote the interests of those who may wish to become depositors; and no member of their body, nor any other officer of the Institution can ever be a borower of its funds.

No deposits can be withdrawn except on the third Wednesday of October, January, April, and July, but the Treasurer may pay any depositor who applies on any other Wednesday for his interest or Capital or any part thereof, if the money received that day be sufficient for the purpose; and one week's notice before the day of withdrawing must be given to the Treasurer.